



Mate of Pennywise Miniseries Version by Rosyart1234

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Summary: 1990 Version of Mate of Pennywise, story by sonicshadowlover13. The Losers Club have come back home to Derry to finish the job by killing IT, but they must convince a woman who is a mate of a clown to leave him. The story of Belle Whitehurst becomes a mate begins here, but will it last forever?

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: 30 Years...

A storm is coming to Derry. It came out of nowhere, but it made children want to come back in their homes. A little girl, Laurie Anne, is riding her tricycle to her front lawn while singing Itsy Bitsy Spider. After playing with her friend down the block, the clouds form in the sky and thunder was heard. That was when Laurie Anne had to leave. Just as Laurie Anne picked up her doll, she hears children giggling around her. She turned to see her mother's laundry hanging up to dry. Behind the sheets, there was a clown. Smiling at her.

"Hi." He spoke. Laurie Anne couldn't help but to smile back. But frowned when the clown gave her a snarl. She didn't get a chance to scream when the clown lunge at her to eat her.

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After Laurie Anne was attacked, the body was taken away from the front lawn. Her mother was devastated. The cops tried to comfort her. Mike is at the crime scene. He looked down to pick up the soak doll.

Coming towards Mike was a man name Georgie. He only has one arm.

"What happened?" He asked.

"A child was attacked. This is the 6th murder." Mike said to him. "George, you know what this means?" The young man didn't want to believe who killed the child, but he must. Georgie nodded. "It's happening again. Time to call the others." Mike said.

"I know." Georgie said. The two left the crime scene. Georgie was scared. Not only that IT had returned, but he is worried about his daughter's safety. And he remembered 30 years ago when his favorite babysitter had saved his life. It all happened when Belle Whitehurst saved Georgie from the clown...

****30 Years Ago****

Belle Whitehurst is a young beautiful woman living in Derry. She had light brown hair, light green eyes. She is wearing a white dress with a red knitted jacket, black tight, and red high heels. She works at the library as her main job, and she babysits some children in this town. She is like a guardian of them. An angel.

Belle was driving home from work on a rainy day. The weather had been strange. Yesterday there is no cloud in a sky, and today it's raining. As she was driving home, she spotted a child in a rain jacket, leaning in the sewer drain, reaching for something. Belle stopped the car and got out.

"Are you okay?" She asked. But the child let out a scream. He tries to pull his arm away, but something is grabbing him from inside the drain. The boy is Georgie. Belle babysit him the most. "Georgie?!"

"Help me!" Georgie cried out. He then let out a scream of agony. Belle rushed over to him to pull him, but notice blood. His arm is gone! Georgie is crying. Belle tried to get up, but she felt something grab her ankle. Belle gasped as she sees a gloved hand.

"Let go of me! Let go!" Belle yelled. Georgie tried to crawl away with one arm, bleeding. Belle could see gold eyes in the sewer drain, and she could hear growling. What was down there? Belle turned to the boy who is bleeding to death. She had to act fast. She uses her free leg to kick in the drain. Her high heel shoe kicks something or someone, in the face. The yell is heard, releasing Belle's ankle.

"Belle...help..." Georgie pleaded, getting light headed. Belle came over to him, pick him up and place him in her car. Not caring the blood is staining the back seat. She found a spare towel to use to wrap around the socket of Georgie's arm.

"I'll take you to the hospital. Just hang on, Georgie." Belle said, rushing to her driver's seat. She started to drive away. "Stay with me. You're gonna be okay." She didn't hear Georgie reply to her. His eyes are shut. "Shit." Belle drove down the street, not caring if she is speeding. A child is at state.

Below the sewer drain, an unhappy figure watched the car take off in a hurry. His left eye is bleeding from that shoe. He growled.

"That little bitch shouldn't have done that." The figure spoke. "And how dare she for interfering with my prey. She will pay for this..." He disappeared in the shadows, forming a plan to get back at Belle.

After calling the parents, Georgie was sleeping peacefully in bed at the hospital. The good news is that he didn't die from blood loss. Thanks to Belle, he is gonna be okay. Mrs. Denbrough and her husband rushed in the room to see their son. Belle stood by the window drenched from the rain.

"Oh, George. My little boy." Mrs. Denbrough spoke, caressing her son's hair. She looked up at Belle. "Thank you so much for saving my little boy, Belle." She came over to embrace Belle. Mr. Denbrough looked over at her.

"How did this happen?" He asked.

"...I wish I knew." Belle said. She isn't sure if she could tell the parents about her being grabbed by a gloved hand. She believed it could be an animal. But, it is not an animal. There is something down there. But what? A policeman stood by the doorway.

"Excuse me. Sorry to interrupt, but I need to speak with Miss Whitehurst." He said. Belle walked around the bed and left the room to talk to the officer. They stood by the hall. The policeman took off his hat. "So brave of you to save a child, Miss Whitehurst. Do you see anything down in the drain?"

"No." Belle lied. "When I pulled Georgie, his arm was torn off. I...didn't see anything." She felt bad for lying, but at the same time, she really doesn't see what it was. The officer stared at her.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Alright then. Because there's been murders happening." The officer said. "Bodies have been found. Parts of their bodies are missing. We still don't know who or what could've caused it. If you ever see anything suspicious, let us know." Belle nodded at him. The officer

puts his hat back on and walk down the hallway to leave. Belle is now worried. Murders in Derry. Georgie could've been one of them. Belle walked back in the room. She wanted to stay and watch over Georgie for the Denbroughs, but the wife suggests to stay along with her husband. Belle will have the next turn tomorrow.

"You've done enough already. We are very grateful." Mrs. Denbrough said. "And you are wet from the rain, dear. But, will you go to our house to check on Bill? He's got a cold. He must be worried about his little brother being here." She gave Belle the house key.

"Okay. I'll check on Bill." Belle said. "I'll come back tomorrow morning before I go to work." She left the room.

After leaving the building, Belle started to hear children giggling around her. She looked around and see no children. Just parked cars. She then hears an angry growl. Belle got in the car and started it. She is starting to get creeped out. She drove off to the Denbrough house to give Bill updates. Little did she know, there are colorful balloons floating above. As if they are watching her.

****Hello! This is NOT Rosyart1234 writing this! This is sonicshadowlover13, the author of the original Mate of Pennywise! Hi! So, I am helping this girl writing her own miniseries version of my story. So, keep in mind, this is sonicshadowlover13 writing this for Rosyart1234. But, please give her credit for the design of my character, Belle Whitehurst, and story ideas for this version. Give this one follows and favorites! Thank you!****

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Warning

After Georgie was out of the hospital, he is still traumatized about his arm bitten off by something. What he saw was unbelievable. He wanted to tell Belle or his brother. But will either one of them believe him?

Belle walked in the bedroom of Georgie's to see him. She sat by him, holding his hand.

"How are you feeling, Georgie?" Belle asked with a smile.

"It still hurts." Georgie told her. He looked at her. Belle looked back to make sure no one is there listening, she turned back to the boy.

"Georgie, do you know what got your arm?" She asked. "What was down in the sewer drain?" Georgie shook a little. "You can tell me."

"It was a clown." Georgie told her. Belle blinked at him. "The clown bit my arm." Georgie said truthfully. Belle thought back of the gold eyes and a gloved hand grabbed her ankle to pull her down in the sewer drain. Why would a clown be down there? "Look. This is what he looks like." Georgie got out his drawing. Belle took it from his hand and see the drawing. It's a drawing of a clown. Red hair, red nose, white face.

"Why is he down in the sewer?" Belle asked in concern. "And more importantly, why were you talking to a clown? You know you weren't supposed to talk to strangers." Georgie frowned a bit.

"He had my boat. Billy made me a boat." Georgie told her. Belle stared at him in silent. She knows that Georgie is only a child, but he knows better. His parents told him never to talk to strangers. Especially take things from strangers. If there really was a clown roaming around, Belle will have to look out for him. She holds onto the drawing.

"I have to go to the library. I'll come back again." Belle said. She gave

him a kiss on the head. "Try to go to sleep." She left his room. She went downstairs to tell Mrs. Denbrough that she must leave for work.

Belle walked in the library and put her bag behind the desk as the head librarian notices her. Belle sat on the chair, fixing her hair to put it in a bun. The librarian heard what happened about Georgie and praised Belle for being a hero.

"Is the Denbrough boy okay?" The librarian asked.

"Yes. He is recovering." Belle told her boss. "He is still shaken up about yesterday. He could've died if I wasn't there." The librarian placed her hand on her shoulder. Belle looked up at her.

"It's a very good thing you saw him before it's too late." She said. "You're a life saver, Belle." Belle smiled at her. The librarian wasn't the only person who thinks Belle is a hero. Everyone in town thinks Belle as a guardian of the children. She babysits half of children in Derry.

The phone started to ring. Belle picked it up.

"Hello, Derry Public Library. This is Belle Whitehurst. How may I-" Belle stopped when she started to hear a growl on the line. Sounds like an animal growling. "Hello?" Belle spoke.

"You will pay for interfering with my feast, you human female! The next time we meet won't be as pleasant!" A voice spoke on the line. Suddenly, Belle felt a jolt on her hand, making her drop the phone. She held her hand in shock. What was that? Everyone in the library turn to her in concern.

"Belle? What happened?" The librarian asked. She puts the phone back. "Who was that?" Belle didn't answer her, rubbing her hand. "Are you alright?"

"I...I'm alright." Belle said. "I don't know what happened."

"Excuse me?" A young boy's voice asked, making Belle gasp a bit. She looked up to see a boy standing behind the desk.

"Uh, I'm sorry. May I help you find something?" Belle asked,

straighten herself up.

"I'm looking for the History of Derry. I just moved here and I want to do a history." The boy said. "I'm Mike Hanlon." Belle smiled at him.

"I'm Belle Whitehurst. Nice to meet you, Mike. Come with me." She got up to go to the book shelf to find him a book he is requesting to take home. She is looking through the titles of the books. She took out a black book. History of Derry. She hands the boy a book. "Here you are."

"Thank you, Miss Whitehurst." Mike said, walking back with her. "At least you're a nice person who could help me."

"Aw, I'm sure you will make some friends." Belle told him, patting his shoulder. "Have a nice day, Mike." The boy thanked her once more before leaving the library. A man walked inside to see Belle.

"Belle." He called. Belle turned to see a young man.

"Oh. Hello, Kyle."

"I heard about you saving Georgie. Is he okay?" Kyle asked coming up to the desk as Belle sat behind it.

"He's fine. Just recovering for now." Belle replied. "All he needs is rest and take some medicine."

"Boy, that was some scary shit. I mean, what could've taken his arm?" Kyle asked, scratching his head.

"I...don't know." Belle told him. She took out Georgie's drawing of a clown. "He did tell me what he saw."

"What was it?" Kyle asked. Belle shows him the drawing. Kyle squinted his eyes. "A clown?" He asked. "A clown took his arm? How?"

"Georgie told me the clown bit it off." Belle replied seriously. "Look, I know it sounds crazy, but...what if it's true?" Kyle stared at her like she is crazy for believing the child's story about a clown. "What if there really was a clown out there? The policeman told me yesterday

that there has been deaths and missing children around this town."

"And you think the clown was the one who bit Georgie's arm off?" Kyle asked.

"I don't know for sure, but..." Belle paused when she thought about Georgie's story. Someone couldn't bite off a limb that easily. "There must be an explanation." Belle said. "Kyle, if you ever see anything suspicious, please let the police know. And be careful out there."

"I will." Kyle said. "Well, I just wanted to stop by." After they said goodbye, Belle stared back at the drawing. And then that phone call. Could it be the clown? No, it couldn't. Belle puts away the drawing and focus on her job for now.

Above her, there is a man watching her with a smirk. His eyes turn gold. He has dark hair. He is wearing a dark brown coat with a white button shirt, dark pants, and black dress shoes. But inside him, is a monster.

"We will meet, Belle Whitehurst. And the boy will be mine."